

University Hospital

New Orleans La

March 17th 1864

Dear Mother,

It has been about three weeks since I wrote you last, the reason why I have not written before was because I have had no paper nor stamps nor a picayune to buy any with. You need not think that because I am in a hospital that I am sick, for I am not. It has been a week to day since I came here, and I have no taken a bit of medicine yet. I was very sick when I left the Regiment. I was sick about a week at Head Quarters with the *diarreeah* and a bad pain in my side, the Doctor examined me and told me that my lungs were very bad, and he sent me to the Ret and I went into the hospital. I was quite sick for ten days and then the Army was agoing to move and I was sent to Brashear City. I *staid* there about a week in a kind of a barn like, for a hospital and then I was sent down here. I had got quite strong by the time I got here, have got over the *diahrear* and feel almost as well as ever. The Doctor has examined my lungs twice since I have been here but he does not give me any thing for them. I don't care about s[?]ling down his medicine any way, if I can get along with out it.

I have not *recieved* any letters since I left Head Qurs., the last one was dated the 14th of last month, it was an answer to the once I sent by Jerry. I don't expect to get any more for some time to come, for the Regt. has gone up the Teche again, you need not direct your letters to Head Quarters [CO] but to the Regt. I will get them after a while I guess. I have been looking for Harrison and Jerry ever since I have been home but they don't seem to get along. I have not had any pay for over four months and the prospect is that I shall have to wait for four months longer before I get any. I am out of writing materials, stamps, tobacco and every thing else, we are in a kind of a states prison here, I tried to get a pass to day to go and see Duane Clark down to the Barracks but they would not let me go. Herbert Chas[?] has been here to see me, he looks well [?] Clarks are as red as ever.

Well the drum is beating for our supper so I will for this is all the paper I have. Give my love to all.

From your Aff. Son,

J. F. Brand